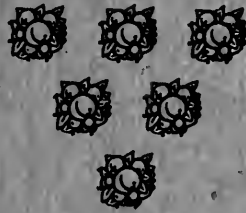


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HERVOR:

THE GAUL



A Drama in Five Acts

By

T. T. TIMAYENIS

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HERVOR, The Gaul

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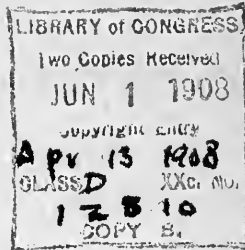
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Hervor, Chief of the Arverni, a tribe of Gauls.

Aristander, President of the Council of Miletus.

Constans, a Cicilian.

Critobulus, a wealthy but penurious Greek.

Harpalos, Commander of the mercenaries.

Kainon, a soldier.

Divico,
Gaspar, } Gauls.

Priest of the temple of Artemis.

Siva, wife of Constans.

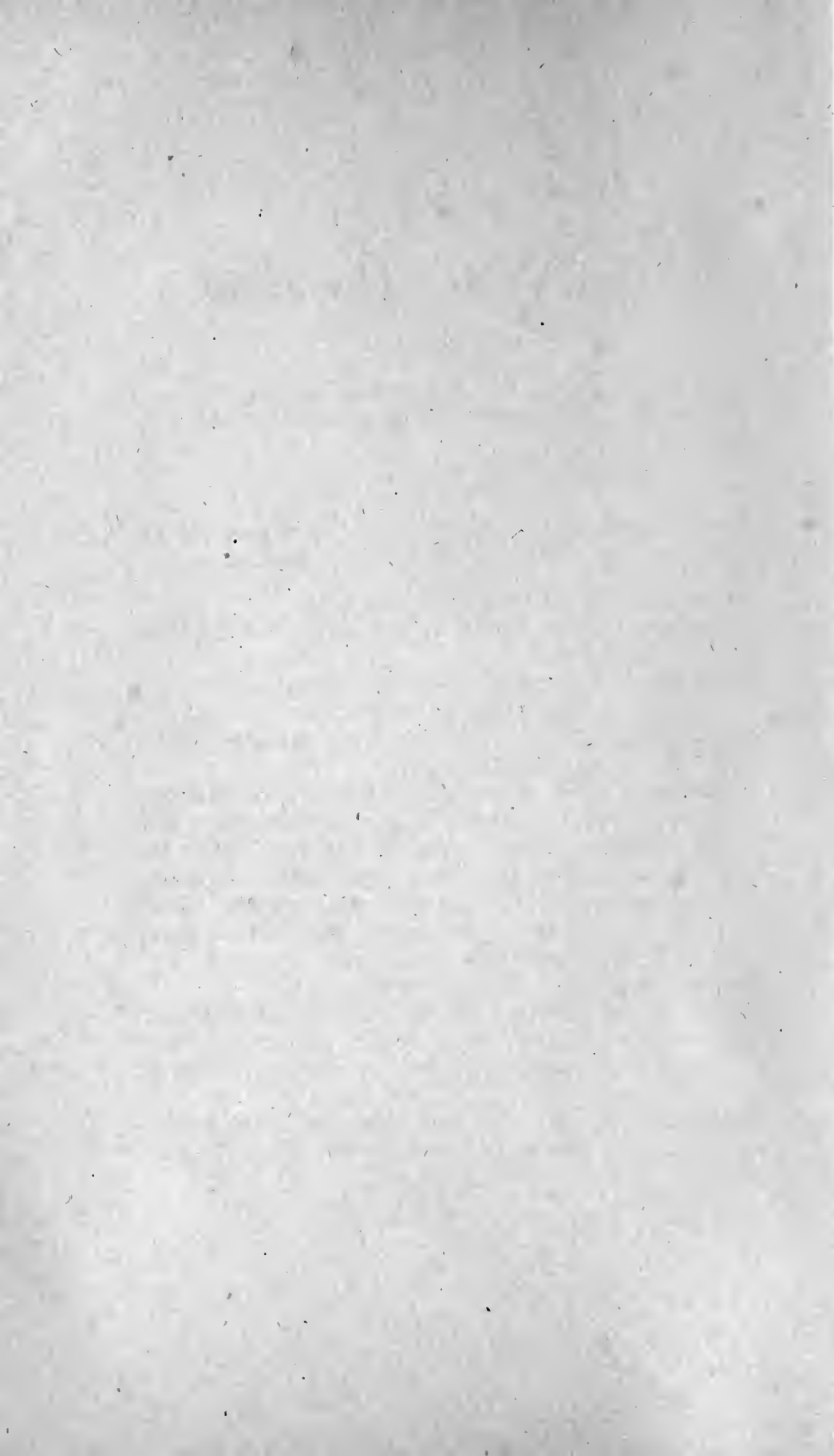
Euopia, wife of Aristander.

Cleomene, wife of Critobulus.

Citizens, soldiers, Gauls, Druids, etc.

Bard.

Guide.



HERVOR, The Gaul

ACT I.

The First Act is laid in Miletus about 280 B. C. The rest in Gaul. There is an interval of one year between the First and Second Acts.

SCENE I.

(The market-place of Miletus. A throng of excited citizens. The alarm sounds at intervals.)

Citizens: The alarm! The alarm!

Aristander: Peace citizens! Harpalos, what means this tumult?

Harpalos: May the gods defend Miletus from the danger that threatens her!

Aristander: But what means this tumult? Why is the city thus aroused?

Harpalos: Noble Aristander and men of Miletus, early this morning a horde of strange and ferocious beings such as I never before beheld, appeared upon the hills, swooped down upon our outposts, and ere the signal of danger could be given, had carried away the fair daughters of Miletus.

Aristander: Carried away the women?

Harpalos: Assembled in the Temple of Artemis!

Aristander: Where were your guards? They should have defended to the death their charge.

Harpalos: At the first surprise the fierce barbarians cut them down. Only one, a prac-

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tised runner at the games, casting aside arms and shield, regained the city's gates (enter Kainon) Here is the man—

Aristander: Soldier, you were ordered on guard to-day at the Temple of Artemis. How is it that you are here?

Kainon: Thanks to the Goddess Fortune and my own legs.

Aristander: Answer my question, coward!

Kainon: Kainon, you see's no coward. Match him against the stoutest arm that ever held a buckler and he will give blow for blow. Many a time in Cilicia—

Aristander: Speak to the point. This is no time for babbling—

Kainon: I am no babbler, but an honest Grecian soldier fighting for the one that pays the best; at present, like yourself, my general, in the service of this good city of Miletus.

Aristander: (angrily) Take care, lest too far you try our patience. Tell us of this attack!

Critobulus: (with trembling voice) The attack! Are the walls well guarded, Harpalos, the barbarians might break into the city?

Harpalos: The guards are doubled and the walls are strong. Besides the robber horde are already withdrawing to the mountains, bearing with them their captives and the Temple's treasures.

Aristander: Who are these marauders? Whence have they come?

Harpalos: It is supposed that they belong to that fierce race of Gauls who not long since ravaged our Northern Provinces.

Citizens: (crowding around Kainon) Our wives, Kainon, tell us about our wives.

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Priest: Tell us about the treasures of the Temple!
(they press closely upon Kainon).

Kainon: Well, I will tell you all, just as it happened. You know the noblest women of the city went forth to-day to the Temple of great Artemis, beyond the walls to celebrate the yearly rites, bearing—

Aristander: (interrupting) Gifts of fruits and flowers and woven cloth. We all know this. Speak on.

Kainon: Well, they were chanting their hymns, when by the beard of Zeus, there burst from the sacred grove a howl as infernal as if all the wild boars of Erymanthus were rushing down its sides and suddenly a band of shaggy fiends surrounded the temple, seized the women and fled. I, finding myself alone—

Aristander: Well?

Kainon: Started for Miletus to summon aid.

Aristander: You should have stood your ground and beaten back the brutish monsters, or shared the fate of your comrades.

Kainon: Beat back five hundred and alone? Why give me six or eight, and I'd—But, by Hercules! five hundred, they might—

Aristander: (angrily) Have killed you, as you deserve for abandoning your post, but were there no women who escaped?

Kainon: Alas, my lord! not one escaped. Our posts, though astounded at the wild and sudden appearance of the savages, turned bravely against them, but were soon overpowered. One thing is certain, not a woman suffered death—all were made captives.

Harpalos: I watched them from the city wall as they carried their prisoners away. There

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was one, an oldish, sharp-faced woman, whom a shaggy giant seized and bore off while the air resounded with her shrill screams.

Critobulos: (aside) It was surely, Cleomene. Her voice was always shrill. He bore her off, you say, my friend, (sigh of relief) Poor Cleomene! after forty years of married life, to lose her thus! (Enter Constans who stands intently listening).

Kainon: There was another, a stately, noble matron. In her captor's grasp she uttered no cry, but with heart-broken look stretched forth her arms for the last time towards old Miletus (to Aristander) It was your wife, my lord.

Aristander: Euopia! my loved Euopia! May the gods protect her from those savage brutes.

Constans: (impetuously) Tell me, soldier, was Siva there? My wife, Siva? She too was at the Temple. Where is she now? Quick, speak!

Kainon: Your wife, Siva? I am a soldier, friend, and I have an eye for beauty, but I don't carry here (tapping his forehead) the face of every pretty woman in Miletus, with her master's name stamped on it.

Constans: Her's was a face you never could forget! It was the beauteous mirror of a sweet, pure soul—a face a goddess might have envied (hurriedly). She wore a white himation broided with lotus blossoms, a bracelet on her arm, a golden adder coiled as if about to spring.

Kainon: Oh, that is the one you mean! Just as we passed the gate she dropped some flowers. Kappotas, our officer, stooped and gath-

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ered them, and for his pay received a smile so sweet, I warrant he will never forget it. So that's your wife, you say?

Constans: (aside) It was but the courtesy with which a woman acknowledges any service, however, slight; but noble Aristander, why stand we here? Think of the danger which at this very moment threatens those we hold most precious. Think of the dishonored life which to a noble woman is far worse than death. Let us not waste the moments here, but sally forth at once to rescue and avenge!

Priest: Constans, you have spoken well and angered Artemis will help us to rescue the treasurers of our temple from the base spoilers.

Constans: Not only Artemis, but all the gods will aid in wreaking vengeance upon the despoilers of our homes.

Aristander: Debates will not avail us. The question we must consider is not how to take vengeance on the barbarians but how to rescue our loved ones. I therefore order that an embassy be sent to the enemy to ascertain the terms upon which they will liberate their prisoners.

Critobulus: Let wisdom and moderation be our guide in this troublesome affair. The interests of the city must not be sacrificed or even overlooked in paying too heavy ransom. (Exeunt, except Constans).

Constans: Betake ourselves forthwith to our homes! Not sacrifice the interests of the city! Alas, my wife, my Siva! I have no home without you. I have no interests but to free and bring you back—and this I swear to do or forfeit my own life.

HERVOR, THE GAUL

SCENE 2.

(A glade in the forest, near the camp of the Gauls. Enter **Gasper** and **Divico**, the latter dragging Siva.)

Gasper: You take the bracelet and the pearls. I want the woman.

Divico: No, the woman's mine.

Gasper: Yours! By what right?

Divico: She's my captive.

Gasper: She is MY captive.

Divico: You cannot have her.

Gasper: Cannot? But I will. I seized her first.

Divico: Ay, and let her go when the beardless Greek officer rushed like a madman on you.

Gasper: That I might better use my sword.

Divico: So well did he use his that he'd have driven it through your body, had I not rushed to your help and struck the stripling down. 'Twas I dragged forth the woman crouching behind the altar. I've won her and I'll keep her.

Gasper: The woman belongs to me! (Grasping Siva, he pulls her away from Divico, tears the necklace from her throat and flings it at Divico's feet.) There are your jewels. Now stand aside and let us pass.

Divico: (Advancing upon Gasper with drawn sword). Release my captive, or the sword that won her shall make good my right.

Gasper: (Still holding Siva.) This arm shall teach you. . . . (They fight. Enter Hervor with drawn sword. He rushes between the combatants, and strikes off their swords with his own.)

Hervor: Hold there at once! Your swords drawn here in our very camp, and against each other? What brawl is this?

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Gaspar: The woman there I took —

Divico: It is not true, I captured her, myself.

Hervor: (contemptuously) You quarrel for a woman? For such baubles shall our officers stain their hands in their own kinsman's blood? Let the lot not the sword, decide between you. (Turns to depart.)

Siva: (springing forward) Save me! Oh, save me from these savage men!

Hervor: (coldly) You are their captive.

Siva: No, no! I would rather die. Save me! Save me! Is there no pity in your heart?

Hervor: (hesitating) You were taken by them to-day before Miletus?

Siva: Yes, at the Temple of Artemis! I and my companions were seized as we were offering wreaths of flowers to the goddess.

Hervor: Who are you?

Siva: Siva, wife of Constans, a—

Hervor: Wife, you say? Why, then—You hear Gaspar, Divico, this is a married woman. Our law respects the marriage bond. She must be held for ransom.

Divico: If the ransom fails?

Gaspar: Her captor shall have her.

Hervor: She must be offered at a general sale. One-fourth is given to the State, the rest to you, her captors.

Divico: It is the law. She did not claim to be a wife.

Gaspar: Then, Divico, let us leave her in the chieftain's care.

Divico: (to Hervor) We know that you are just. (Exeunt Gaspar and Divico.)

Siva: They've gone, and I am free. (She gathers up her jewels.)

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Hervor: You are not free but still a captive.

Siva: Not to those savages?

Hervor: They are not savages, but brave and hardy soldiers, obedient to their chief's command.

Siva: In their quarrel they would have murdered me, had not you interfered.

Hervor: So much the worse for them; they would have lost the ransom. Woman, you seem young to be a wife.

Siva: The women are married early in my land. Last year I was a bride.

Hervor: Your husband doubtless holds you dear.

Siva: (with indifference) Yes, he loves me well.

Hervor: And will bring a liberal ransom.

Siva: I do not know. We have been married a whole year—

Hervor: It must be paid or I cannot answer for your safety.

Siva: You will not give me back to those fierce men?

Hervor: They are your captors.

Siva: They have no right to hold me. I am not a slave but a free woman.

Hervor: And a free woman's ransom you will have to pay.

Siva: (tendering him her jewels) Here, take these pearls,—they are large and fine—these bracelets of rare workmanship. Take them and let me go.

Hervor: Keep your trinkets. They are of little value to a Gaul. Your captors have placed you in my charge. I can restore your liberty only upon payment of a stipulated weight of gold.

Siva: You will not give me back to them? I'd—I'd rather trust myself to you.

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Hervor: Well be it so. Take this amulet, worn only by the married women of our land. It is one my own mother wore and gave to me as a reminder that the marriage rite consecrates the woman and makes her honor sacred. Wear it, and fear no Gaul. You are Hervor's captive. (He places the amulet around Siva's neck.) Now, follow to the camp. (Exeunt)

SCENE 3.

(The hills of Caria. Camp of Gauls.)

Bard: (singing)

Arm! Arm! for the war!
Down the mountains we pour
Our hosts to the plain,
And the sands of the shore
Are red with the gore
Of the slain—of the slain.

Chorus:

Ho! We are the Gauls
Whom no danger appals,
Our breasts are the walls
That our country defend.

Bard:

Speed! Speed to the chase!
Comrades, quicken your pace
Nor last let us lag.
• He who gains the first place
His banquet shall grace
With the horns of the stag.

Chorus:

Ho! We are the Gauls, etc.

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Bard:

Come! Come to the dance!
Lay aside sword and lance,
'Tis a joy to be there.
For whenever there's a chance,
The warrior's heart pants
For the arms of the fair.

Chorus:

Ho! We are the Gauls, etc.

First Gaul: Be merry comrades, merry. Let us make the captives dance and sing.

Cleomene: Alas, Critobulus, my husband!

Second Gaul: The old woman there takes her captivity to heart; the young ones don't seem so much to mind it. Cheer up, old woman, cheer up.

Cleomene: Were my Critobulus here, he would permit no such language addressed to me, but, alas! I am now unprotected and alone.

Second Gaul: Fear nothing, old woman, you will be returned to your master, safe and sound as soon as you are paid for.

Cleomene: I will be returned to my master! Who speaks of master to Cleomene?

Euopia: My good Cleomene, these men do not understand the laws under which we live. (To a Gaul.) Is our captivity known in Miletus?

First Gaul: Known in Miletus? From the walls one-half the garrison were looking on while we carried you away. Now, we are out of sight, there will be brave talk no doubt.

Second Gaul: Here comes Hervor. By great Belen, he, too, has picked up a woman.

First Gaul: The very one I was telling you of—the woman that both Divico and Gasper

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claimed. (Enter Hervor, followed by Siva. The latter seeing the captives, runs toward them.)

Hervor: Hail friends and comrades! Advices just received from Miletus inform us that no attempt at rescue will be made, but that an embassy is on the way to pay the ransom we demand for the prisoners. We will arrange at once for the ransom of the captives and then break camp.

First Gaul: Chief, shall each treat separately for the ransom of his particular captive?

Hervor: I take upon myself the task. How many women have been captured?

First Gaul: About a hundred. All claim to be married, and to belong to the noblest families of the city. Here are a few, the rest are weeping in their tents.

Hervor: Have they been kindly treated?

Euopia: Kindly treated! Do you call it kind treatment when armed men rush fiercely upon defenceless women, carry them from their homes, and desecrate the holy temple of their faith? Is this kind treatment? Is this the manhood of your race?

Hervor: You forget how your own people invaded Massalia, seized upon our territory, violated the sacred oath of hospitality, drove our defenceless people away, killed our women, and spared not even the all wise Druids of my nation. I came here to avenge the wrong inflicted.

(Euopia attempts to speak.)

Hervor: Now we stand in sight of yonder city and challenge all who think they suffer wrong to prove it in fair fight.

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Euopia: It's citizens—

Hervor: (with growing passion) You are the spoils of war. Should those who once possessed you attempt your rescue we shall defend you as our lawful property. If they conquer, they may take you without ransom. But while we live we shall protect our own.

Cleomene: A most uncalled for and undesired protection.

Siva: Is it true an embassy is coming from Miletus to ransom us?

Hervor: It is close at hand.

Siva: At how many drachmas do you rate a woman?

Hervor: In Gaul a man esteems his wife the dearest thing he owns.

Siva: Oh, it isn't so in Greece. Here the lovers are always blind and when the husband gets his sight, he's sure to find he married the wrong woman. What do you do with captive wives whose husbands won't redeem them?

Hervor: If there be any so unfortunate, we offer her at public sale. She becomes the property, perhaps the wife of the highest bidder.

Cleomene: (wringing her hands) Oh, Critobulus, Critobulus, where are you?

(Enter a messenger.)

Messenger: Strangers from Miletus, seek an interview with the chief.

Hervor: We wait them here. (Exit messenger.) Have precautions been taken to repulse a sudden and treacherous attack?

First Gaul: All your orders have been faithfully executed.

Hervor: Lead the women away. (exeunt Siva, Euopia, Cleomene and other women.)

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(Enter embassy. The Priest wears a white mantle, bears his staff upon which are the fillets of Apollo, and is crowned with an Olive wreath. Aristander, Critobulus, Constans and others carry branches of olive. Several Gauls remain on stage in groups.)

Priest: The citizens of Miletus in council assembled have sent us here to treat with the chief.

Hervor: He stands before you.

Aristander: We have come to demand the deliverance of our wives, so ruthlessly carried away.

Hervor: Have you come as messengers of peace or messengers of war? If as messengers of peace, we are ready to listen to you, but if you seek the deliverance of the prisoners through war, we are equally ready with our swords. . .

Aristander: The fillets of Apollo and these olive branches are symbols of peace. We have come simply to treat for the deliverance of our wives now in your power.

Hervor: We, therefore, extend to you the hospitality of our camp, assuring you of fair dealing and protection. No injury has befallen the captives. As soon as the ransom we have decided upon—seven hundred pounds by weight of gold—has been paid, the women shall be delivered to you.

Critobulus: The amount you name could not be raised even were a general contribution of the people of Miletus to be held.

Hervor: Why then have you come here? We are soldiers, not traffickers. Nothing is required but the immediate payment of our demand. On this condition only do we release the prisoners.

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Critobulus: Seven hundred pounds of gold is a preposterous sum for a few score women, most of them no longer young. Now, it seems to me that in a woman, age—

Hervor: Enough of words. Are you prepared to pay or not?

Priest: We have come for this purpose.

Hervor: Then lose no time in useless talk.

Critobulus: We will lose no time if you lose not your temper—

Constans: (impetuously) Chief, I have a young and beautiful wife—a treasure that I would not part with for the riches of the world. This treasure, my own wife, whom I have sought with tenderest care to guard from every ill, is held by you—a captive.

Hervor: Your wife will be restored to you unharmed, on payment of the ransom. (to a Gaul). Lead in the captives!

Constans: Noble Chief, we have been charged by the Council of Miletus to negotiate with you.

Hervor: Negotiate? What negotiations are needed in a matter already settled? Have you come to pay the gold, or have you come with empty words and cunning arguments? Hervor despises deceit as he loves truth and honor.

Aristander: You have no reason to doubt our sincerity. We listen to your outbreaks of passion, not from want of manliness, but for the sake of the prisoners.

Hervor: Let not the prisoners hold in check your courage. The Gauls fight only men. Whatever betides, the women are safe.

Constans: Friends, let not this Gaul provoke a quarrel. We are an embassy of peace. Our duty is to free the prisoners.

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Hervor: The captives come, let the exchange take place at once.

(Enter Siva. Constans embraces her.) Priceless jewel of my home, once more you are safe in my arms. They have not hurt you, Siva?

Siva: Do you think it did not hurt to be dragged by the hair from behind the altar? Two of them quarreled for me. Between them they surely would have killed me had not the chief there saved me.

Constans: The chief saved you?

Siva: Yes, he drove the barbarous men away. Himself brought me to the camp and gave me this amulet for protection. It's ugly, but it's useful.

Constans: For this kindness unto you, dear Siva, I forgive him all the anguish he has caused. Come, we will thank him.

(Enter Euopia followed by Cleomene.)

Critobulus: Here is Euopia, but I see not Cleomene, can any unhoped for misfortune have happened to—ah!

Cleomene: (rushing forward) Critobulus! you have me once again.

Aristander: My good Euopia, since your capture all my thoughts have been of you!

Euopia: I knew well that you would leave no plan untried to rescue me.

Constans: (to Hervor) Chieftain, my debt of gratitude is more than I can pay.

Hervor: But promptly pay the debt of gold, and we will cancel claims that words can satisfy. Priest, settle the affair at once, our country needs our arms. We are impatient to begin the homeward march.

Priest: There is nothing to prevent your immediate departure, and may favoring fortune . .

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Hervor: Do but pay the ransom. Your blessing will not increase its weight.

Priest: You have carried off not only the women, but also the treasures belonging to the temple of mighty Artemis, the tutelary goddess of our city.

Hervor: The treasures of the temple we shall keep. They will serve to show our people in what vain ornaments the gods of Greece find pleasure.

Priest: Hush! blasphemous barbarian.

Hervor: (advancing towards him) Be you the messenger of Heaven's King himself, I will chastise you for your insolence.

Priest: (presenting the fillets) I am the consecrated priest of one who is the source of all our life. The power I wield trembles not at your passion.

Siva: Respect, oh Chief, not the man, but the power he is vested with. (pointing on high).

Hervor: (with subdued passion) Pay then the ransom and begone.

Priest: The treasures you have taken belonged not to Miletus, but to the holy goddess Artemis. They were the offerings of the Greek, the Persian, the Roman, the Egyptian. These treasures of the goddess, I her priest, bestow on you in exchange for the captives.

Hervor: To bestow on us that which already is our own is indeed generous.

Priest: By all the nations the temple of Artemis has been held inviolable. The foot of mortal has never before dared to desecrate its hallowed precincts.

Hervor: Let there be an end of talk, what we possess is no more yours to give.

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Priest: You shall atone to the immortal gods for your rash act..

Hervor: Hervor seeks advise only from the priests of his own nation, the all wise Druids.

Priest: You have violated a temple revered by all nations.

Hervor: Let those who revere it restore its riches.

Priest: Keep the treasure but give back to us the women.

Hervor: Pay first the gold for ransom.

Priest: Noble Aristander, we find ourselves deceived in our just expectations. The Gaul refuses to surrender the captives.

Aristander: Then hasten back to the city, convoke the citizens, and in two or three days, the needed funds can be secured.

Hervor: An hour hence we shall be on our march. Ample time has already been given you. It is not our injustice you must blame, but your own meanness and shallow cunning. Citizens of Miletus, your wives remain our prisoners.

Cleomene: Hear you that, Critobulus? The Gaul says we remain his prisoners.

Critobulus: Calm yourself, my dear, you know that no sane man would take you (Cleomene looks up sharply) that is, . . . so many women . . . to encumber him on a long journey.

Aristander: Give us only two days, and the ransom shall be made up.

Hervor: Not two hours. Greater interests than any here demand that we set forth at once.

Aristander: Cursed be the hour when first I yielded to politic fears and came a suppliant rather than a soldier. Never will I submit to

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this barbarian's arrogance. Here I fling under foot (he casts away the olive branch) the symbol of peace. Base robber, you shall not drag my wife away, unless over the body of her murdered husband. (with a movement as if seeking his sword.)

Hervor: (Snatching a sword from one of his Gauls and throwing it toward Aristander) Here is a sword. Brave men know how to wield it. . . . Stand all aside. . . We are matched man to man. Now as a soldier claim your wife.

Siva: (throwing herself before Hervor) Chief of the Arverni, you are brave and of a noble spirit. This man is old and weak. It is no equal match.

Hervor: A feeble arm should curb a haughty tongue. Seek not to thwart the wrath of Hervor.

Siva: Although your prisoner, I will speak and shall repay you good for good. As you protected me from wrong and insult, so standing here, I shield your manhood from foul stain. Will it be a deed to boast of, that before the wife's eyes you slew the husband who has raised his trembling arm in her defence? You are so powerful you can overlook his hasty words.

Hervor: (stands for a moment in doubt) It shall be as you say. Priest, as the ransom has not been paid, the further presence of your embassy is needless. (to a Gaul) Conduct the Greeks beyond the limits of the Camp.

Aristander: It is not will that lacks . . .

Hervor: Old man, provoke me not again.

Europia: Aristander, my husband, what will become of me?

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Aristander: My noble wife, endure as bravely as you can this dire calamity, for I will find some means—

Hervor: (impatiently) The embassy is dismissed.

Critobulus: Cleomene, your Critobulus' heart feels for you.

(Exit embassy, except Constans.)

Hervor: Well, young Greek, why are you still here? Begone with your friends.

Constans: With my friends? What are friends to me at such an hour?

Hervor: Away I say. Yield not to such unmanly weakness.

Constans: Unmanly weakness! Order my arm lopped from its trunk. My tongue drawn quivering from its roots, and I will enter no moan of pain, but when you tear out my very heart, drain my life's blood, take from me that which is dearer than my own soul, then do I forget that I am a man, and kneeling thus before you I beg for mercy. Oh, spare my wife, restore her to me!

Hervor: Your wife belongs not unto me, nor have I the right to free her. Loved I a woman as you say you love, I'd burden not the air with vain complaints. My acts in her behalf should show the love that light-coined words are worthless to express.

Constans: With all my soul I love my wife. What would you have me do?

Hervor: Pay ransom and take her back.

Constans: I would not sell her freedom for a single hour for ten times the sum you ask for all the captives.

Hervor: Why have you not brought ransom?

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Constans: I, as well as my companions, placed confidence in the promise of our Priest and trusted you would either accept the costly presents of the temple, or grant us the opportunity to raise the amount.

Hervor: Time presses, and this talk must end. Heed well my words, and carry back this message to your people. For one year the Gauls will hold each captive wife a hostage and inviolate. If her husband value her enough within that year to journey to our land with proper ransom, he shall receive her back. Let the time expire but by a single day, he comes a day too late.

This woman whom you love. young Greek, is fair to look upon. There is a sweetness in her glance and voice that charms the soul of even my rough warriors. To guard her better I'll take her in my care. And here I swear (drawing his sword) by the spirits that dwell in earth and ocean, fire and air, she shall receive no harm. From hunger, cold and want, harsh tasks, and harsher words, I will protect her. It's on oath. Fear not for her, but see you bring before the year is out a recompense worthy of her you love. Now, hence.

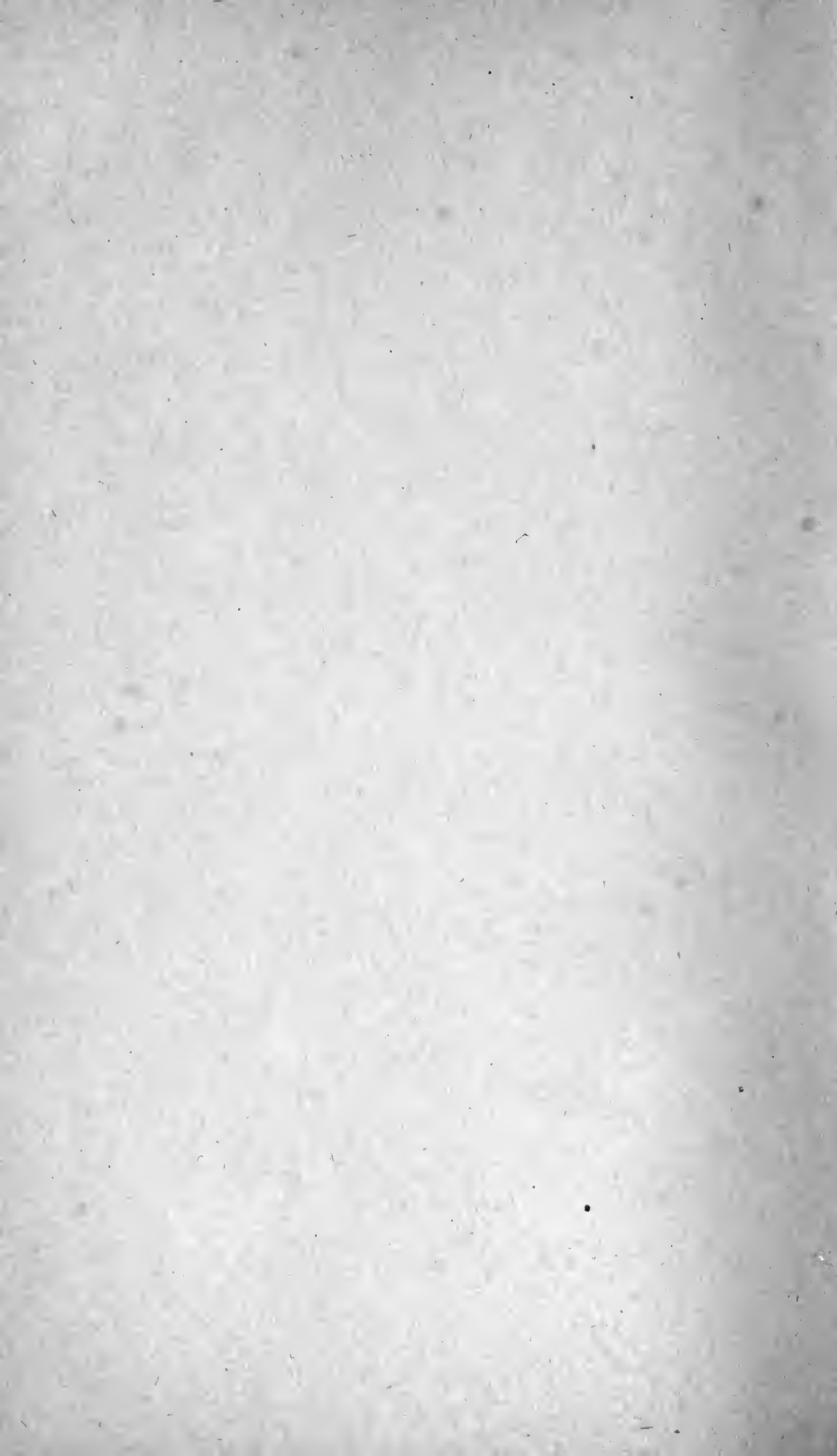
Constans: Good chief, I cannot leave her. I will go with you, I will be your soldier, your attendant, whatever you may wish—only rob me not of my wife.

Hervor: Our laws do not permit us to enlist strangers in our ranks. Go raise the ransom for your wife. Before another moon has waned we shall have reached our native land

HERVOR, THE GAUL

that borders on the Rhone. There Hervor lives. From the Massalian port a guide will soon conduct you to our village. Be assured for a year your wife is safe in person and in honor. (He leads Siva away.)

(CURTAIN.)



HERVOR, THE GAUL

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Late Afternoon.

A village on the banks of the Rhone. Women carding wool, among them the captive Greeks. On one side is seen the cone shaped house of Hervor.

Siva, Euopia, Cleomene.

Euopia: No tidings yet. The year is almost gone. I cannot understand it. Our situation daily grows more hopeless.

Siva: Vain grieving will not better it.

Euopia: . . I am too sick at heart to wear the mask of resignation. The last month is drawing to a close, and still the ransom does not come.

Siva: I sometimes doubt whether 'twill ever come.

Euopia: Oh, Siva! Siva! Would our husbands abandon us to a fate so horrible, a slavery so vile?

Siva: We are not slaves, but hostages.

Euopia: Yes, for the time; but oh! how few the days that leave us that poor privilege! If the ransom fails . . . What if the ransom fails, Siva?

Siva: Our fate hangs upon the pleasure of our captors. Is it wise to provoke them with lamentation and repining? Were it not better to court their favor and seek from their good will some mercy and protection?

Euopia: Court the favor of a barbarian, I, the wife of Aristander? In all Miletus there is no

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nobler nature. Dear to him is his honor, but dearer far the wife he loves; dear to him are the greetings of his children when he returns from public cares, but dearer even than these is the voice of the mother who bore them. Yes, Aristander is coming; my hope does not deceive me.

Siva: I hope so, for your sakes!

Euopia: Oh, Siva! These are not your thoughts. Has not your husband been always kind to you?

Siva: Yes, indeed! But is kindness alone that a wife needs?

Euopia: Of late, Siva, you frighten me. I cannot bear to see you thus calm, resigned to coming evil. Your words are not your thoughts. Have not you too, as well as I, left your heart in dear Miletus?

Siva: It was my birthplace and childhood's home. I were no Greek, did I not love my country.

Euopia: Home, Siva, home! Shall we ever see that home again? Last night, I slept a restless, troubled sleep, and in the stillness and deep darkness suddenly awoke. It seemed my spirit at that instant had left my frame, and was transported swiftly as the flash of thought to far Miletus, to my own desolate home. There sat my sad browed husband; at his side our weeping children knelt, and with their sweet voices choked with sobs murmured "Mother." I would have clasped them to my heart, when lo! they faded from me, and I was alone upon my couch, a wretched captive (bursting into tears).

Cleomene: (to Siva) You do not really think that our husbands will leave us here? Do not say

HERVOR, THE GAUL

that, good Siva. Cleomene begs you not to say it.

Siva: I thought at first we should be soon released. Thrice time enough has passed, and yet no offer has been made. Perhaps our places are already filled.

Cleomene: (springing to her feet) Filled!

Siva: Was not your fair faced young niece left in your house? If gossip at Miletus spoke the truth your husband would not look to her in vain for consolation.

Cleomene: (indignantly) She take my place! Celestial Hera never would permit such sacrilege. (Reflecting) Yet Critobulus often winked and nodded at her, and now I remember when I was busied with my household cares, he used each day to spend sometime with her alone, because, he said, being young and ignorant she needed the instruction of her elders. (with venom) The treacherous cat, to scratch the hand that fed her! Wait till I get back to Miletus! The hair is thin upon your head, Critobulus, but there is a handful left, and you shall find your wife has not yet lost her grip. (Clenches her hand).

Euopia: (rising and leading Siva away) Come with me, Siva, dear Siva, I would speak to you, for in this dreary land, surrounded by fierce barbarian hordes, you, with your face so bright, your form so lithe, you are the sunshine, the joy of our miserable life.

Siva: What would you, Euopia?

Euopia: Forgive me, Siva, but only last night again, unknown to you I watched you in the forest shade under yonder cypress tree bathed in tears, while you—you invoked—

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Siva: Hush Euopia, come further away—let not the other captives know.

Euopia: Never fear, Siva.

Siva: Some other day, I will unbosom myself to you freely, you will then know how sustained only by my woman's pride I resigned myself to fate—know that Constans, my husband—

Euopia: Well—

Siva: His claim to belong to an Athenian family was only a lie, for upon his body were branded the words "C-i--ci-li-an slave" (hissing the words).

Euopia: Holy Artemis!

Siva: You remember that day when we saw him flushed with victory at the Panathenian games, which you know are open to all—Greek—Roman—and Barbarian alike—waving his champion crown—"Here comes the champion"—"Here comes the strong;" the people shouted. His eyes met mine and dismounting he laid his victor's crown at my feet. The crowd applauded and my fate was sealed,—that same night just think of it, Euopia,—he became my husband, for the Priests of Artemis so decreed. (She hides her face.) What am I? A wife? No, only a —slave's concubine; Proclaim the wrong, the deception, denounce him? What of it? What of it? Now Euopia you know all. I seek no freedom. I am content to remain here, here as I am!

Euopia: You should have considered carefully your hasty action! Even the priests of Artemis could not—

Siva: If we always considered the results of our actions, there would be no sins committed.

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Euopia: Ah, Siva, Siva, you must endure—the laws—

Siva: Laws! What are laws? I did not make them! I will not submit to them. I will not, nay I will not! I am a woman, not a slave! What was I once and what am I through Constans? Life was to me a summer garden with golden trellises and shady trees and waters as bright as crystal with rosy flowers and singing birds and he—he has darkened it and fouled its springs and broken down its flowers! My life now seems dull and colorless, and if the abyss is my grave, no one will miss me, nor mourn for me!

Euopia: Poor, poor, Siva, Constans then shows you no love?

Siva: Love! Love! Only three weeks after our marriage he used to torture me after his feasts when drunk, or when he recovered from one of his swoons, and how I struggled, to conceal my miserable existence! But one thing he did to me Euopia, one thing, which broke the last thread of his falsehood and deception. Bend your ear. It is a marvel, which I myself do not understand, that I did not grow wicked with such a man, a man who—why should I conceal it—who when we were at Athens because he craved political promotion sought to win through me, the favor of that reprobate—Megacles! Think of it, Euopia, my husband brought the old man into my house—but our hostess, a good woman, overheard the conversation and betrayed it all to me! It is so base, so vile—it seems to blacken my soul—only to think of it!

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Euopia: Holy Artemis, and yet everybody thought he was a most devoted lover.

Siva: He has all the cunning of a slave. His love is only a pretense, an excuse for revenge and inordinate ambition—more I could tell, but enough for the present. Hush, here comes Hervor.

(Enter Hervor and Divico returning from the chase.)

Hervor: Come to me, Divico, at sundown, and we'll discuss your plan. I am wearied and would be alone. Let the women withdraw. (Exeunt Divico and women.)

Divico: Then, chief, at sundown.

Hervor: (Hervor notices Siva, who is slowly walking away) Siva!

Siva: (turning)—You—you called me?

Hervor: Come hither, Siva, I wish to have some talk with you.

Siva: You said the women should withdraw.

Hervor: And you remained. I say now, "Come to me." Will you a second time slight my request?

Siva: (laughing)—Oh, no! I dare not. (Running up to him.) Accept, O chief, the service of your armor-bearer. (She takes his spear and shield, and endeavors to carry them to the cottage, but staggers under the weight.)

Hervor: Nay, those slender hands were not fashioned for such a task. (He takes the shield and with one hand throws it across the stage.)

Siva: How strong you are! and brave and generous as strong.

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Hervor: (his brow clouding)—There is some favor that you seek.

Siva: I seek no favor. To the captive you have been more than kind. Why do you think that I would ask a favor?

Hervor: There is a verse the Druids teach our youth. "Let the grown man beware the woman's tongue that praises. It has a hidden motive, and in it lurks a power more dangerous than in a foeman's sword."

Siva: Your Druids, like the philosophers of my own land, teach what they know—it is not much, and when they reach the end of that, why, just the same, they keep on teaching still. In the deep shadow of their forests they may read the secrets of the stars, the storms, find out the poisons and the cures in plants—what can they know of woman?

Hervor: The Druids, Siva, are all-powerful. From their lips the wisdom of ages speaks. It is for us to listen and revere.

Siva: I know their lore is great. But did each Druid meditate a thousand years beneath his sacred oak, there is one mystery he could not solve—the springs that move a woman's heart (Laughing.) She cannot tell herself. . . . But there is something you would say to me (hesitating) . . . master.

Hervor: Master! No, not yet. The hostage still may be reclaimed.

Siva: The year has almost passed.

Hervor: It was not many days ago I saw the new moon rise above yon hills, a narrow band of faint and silvery light. Last night I watched it mirrored in the Rhone. The slender disk had broadened, and a flood of splendor fell

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upon our valley: Unless the rescuer comes before that moon is full, he comes too late to save.

Siva: (eagerly)—To save? To save from whom?

Hervor: From me, Hervor, the Gaul, who then indeed will be your master. I pledged my word to hold you for a year safe from all harm. Here, under the shelter of my own roof, you have dwelt. Thus far I redeemed my promise?

Siva: You have.

Hervor: That I might better do so, I myself satisfied the demands of Divico and Gasper. None other has a claim. To avoid every base suspicion that may attach itself to your fair name, I placed my mother as your guardian. She watched you in your hours of despair, consoled you when you pined for home, protected you from every danger. But now the end approaches. Unless within the stated time your husband, Constans, sets you free, his rights are mine. Ah, now you fear! you tremble!

Siva: Yes; (aside), but not with fear.

Hervor: You still have hope that he will come?

Siva: Each day that brings no tidings lessens hope. Still, Constans may have delayed (Looking up archly). You will, of course, give him another month?

Hervor: (passionately)—No, not another day. I keep my pledge, no more. I have learned it is the fashion of your people lightly to promise what they do not mean to do. We Gauls are different. Yet your polished Greek looks with scorn on our rude life and simple customs.

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Siva: Courage and honor never meet with scorn. My own people once had both. Now they hire their soldiers, and for gods worship the features stamped upon their drachmas. It seems they hold these drachmas dearer than their wives. . . . We captives have little to lose by a change of masters.

Hervor: Worthy are you, Siva, to be a soldier's wife. If the Fates should so decree, you would submit?

Siva: The Fates rule all; we must submit to them.

Hervor: (eagerly approaching her)—Siva! (He checks himself.)—No! No! The moon is not yet full. There is no stain upon the honor of Hervor, and none shall fall there now. (To Siva). Siva, until the moon is full I await your husband. If he comes, he shall have cordial welcome at the hands of Hervor. (Exit.)

Siva: Mighty Artemis, 'twas thou that placed me in this chieftain's power. I have seen his manhood, courage, strength. I have lived under his generous care; and I have learned to love him. I, whose heart ne'er beat a throb quicker for man's homage, who sometimes thought my bosom carved from Parian stone, so cold it seemed, bear now within a surging fire that causes it to glow as some statue of Venus, bathed in the flush of sunset. If the foul slave who brought me from my parents cares still so much for his pet toy that he would seek to purchase it a second time, I crave thy aid. May wind and storm beat back his ship, may foes beset his path, and false guides lure him back from the way.

I, too, with eager eyes shall watch the

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growing moon. No word of love has Hervor spoken, but his looks, his tones, his anxious, tender care for me, make manifest his thought; and I, the helpless captive, am now become half captor. His plighted word alone still stands between us. It seems our mutual love might burn the barrier down. And yet—patience, beating heart! A few more suns will rise and set, and then the barrier falls itself. Our poets tell us that the hours are winged; why fly they then so slow? (Exit.)

Before the House of Hervor. Moonlight. Hervor and Divico.

Hervor: So the Allobroges again are in commotion! If they break the peace a second time, it shall fare worse with them.

Divico: A general council of their nation has been summoned. The older chiefs advise a prudent course, but the young nobles are zealous to renew the war.

Hervor: Then war it is to be. The hot blood of youth will never check its course and flow, a sluggish stream, in time-worn channels. We must prepare for war, Divico.

Divico: Such preparation is soon made. The troops of Hervor wait but for his summons. The nearer levies are already under arms. In three days' time our army can cross their borders.

Hervor: I would it were some other foe. Too often our swords are turned against a kindred people. Could we, Divico, but lay aside these tribal names—Allobroges, Arverni, Aeduans—and remember only that we are all Gauls, what region of the earth could set a limit to our race? What nation could refuse us

HERVOR, THE GAUL

tribute? But while we quarrel here, in our own home, we give the Greek, the Roman, the Carthaginian, time to breathe and grow. Still the Allobroges are in the wrong, and if they break the peace, we must enforce our claims. Call forth, then, all our forces, but strike no blow. Gasper shall go to-morrow as herald to their council to announce our just demands. We will await their answer. Now, good-night. (Exit Divico.)

Hervor: (alone)—The sword is the only road to peace with the Allobroges. They conquered, the way lies open to Italy. What fairer country could invite our arms? (Enter Siva, who approaches him unperceived.) Still Gasper shall offer honorable conditions. If their senate is not unreasonable, we will postpone this war. (Gazes for a moment in silence on the river.) My heart is not now in it.

Siva: Where, then, is Hervor's heart?

Hervor: You—you ask me? Hervor's whole heart, its every throb and beat is—(Recalls himself.) I—Ispoke of the coming war.

Siva: And said your heart was not now in the war. Where is it, Hervor?

Hervor: Look out upon that river, Siva. See its calm and steady flow. There's scarce a ripple moving on its tranquil surface. Yet I have seen it when the tempest lashed its waters, till in their fury they leaped high in the air, and surging o'er their banks tore up great forest-trees and whirled them on their waves as playthings. How like the life-current in ourselves! On my soul, fierce storms of war have burst, and all my spirit joyed in slaugh-

HERVOR, THE GAUL

ter, conquest, and the clash of arms. To-night the turmoil, and the din of war seem far away; I see a life of peace unfold, the sword drawn only for defence, a people ruled with justice and with law—a life as deep and calm as yonder river, with just such a pure, soft light to fall upon it. Compared with this, how worthless seems a conqueror's crown!

Siva: Where would you find the light, Hervor?

Hervor: Where? I—

Siva: Hervor, look at me. Look into my eyes, Hervor.

Hervor: (turning away)—Constans, whose wife you are—

Siva: Let us not speak of him.

Hervor: Will come to take you from us.

Siva: He will not come. But seven days remain.

Hervor: (aside)—Would they had passed.

Siva: You would not give me back to him?

Hervor: Should he pay the ransom, our laws compel. Then, too, he has my solemn pledge.

Siva: Hervor, you could not do it. When, angered by factious opposition, you return from council, your brow all overcast with care, and the slaves draw back in fear of some fierce outbreak, whose laughing voice has power to drive the clouds away and bring the sunshine back? It was not many days ago you spoke in praise of something I had done, and, jesting, doubted whether even rich Miletus had gold enough to pay my ransom. I do not think that this was all a jest. Hervor, you could not let me go?

Hervor: Siva, we wrong ourselves and much offend the gods to hold this talk to-night. Let but the sun go down upon the seventh day

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from this, and Hervor's lips are free to speak his thoughts.

Siva: (coldly)—Say rather his commands. If Hervor waits till Siva is his slave, what need has he to ask? In a slave the sole virtue is obedience. Is obedience all that Hervor asks from Siva?

Hervor: Not the obedience of a slave. Whatever I may ask, it shall be yours to grant or refuse. If you refuse—well then—Hervor has paid the ransom. You shall be free.

Siva: (in astonishment)—Free?

Hervor: Yes, free. Free even to return to your old home and former friends.

Siva: To go back to Miletus?

Hervor: If such be your wish.

Siva: To take my place again in Constan's house, live close immured within its narrow walls, be his chief servant, ruling o'er a band of slaves as sad and hopeless as myself? This were a bondage compared to which my present lot is liberty. No, generous Hervor, not such is the use that I would make of freedom.

Hervor: To what use, then, would you put it, Siva?

Siva: (laughing and withdrawing towards the house)—You cannot guess? Of course, you cannot guess (standing in the doorway.) Well, then, I would entrust it to the care of one I love—if he should ask for it. (Closes the door.) (Exit.)

Hervor: (musing)—Love! I've heard there is a charm that has a power so subtle o'er man's heart, it changes all his nature. There was a soldier once, ruthless and stern of purpose.

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His march through far Ionia was marked by day with blood, lighted at night by blazing towns. At the name, Hervor the Gaul, the bravest trembled; the timid sought unavailing shelter in their pillaged temples. Where is this Hervor? Where is Hervor? For I, that bear his name look on ambition as a foolish dream, and feel that peace alone brings happiness. Surely the charm has fallen on my soul. I am content. It is so strange and sweet, I'd rather die, enraptured by its spell, than live to see it broken.

Siva: (appearing at a window)—Hervor!

Hervor: (turning slowly around)—I never knew there was such music in the name.

Siva: I am not, then, to be a slave?

Hervor: No, not a slave.

Siva: And you will leave me free to choose the life I wish?

Hervor: When it is mine to say, you shall be free.

Siva: For this self-sacrifice the gods will certainly reward you.

Hervor: The gods?

Siva: Oh, yes. The gods in heaven and—and some one else on earth. And so good-night, Hervor. (Retires from the window, throws a flower which falls at his feet. He picks it up, kisses it. He stands as one entranced. Enter Constans, Kainon, and guide. No change in Constans' make-up or dress.)

Guide: This is the place, and this is the house.

Constans: It is late, but we must seek admittance. I will not wait for day. (Advancing towards the house, he comes face to face with Hervor.) The very man we look for! Gaul I bring the ransom. (Tableau.)

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Hervor: (turns and faces him)—Who speaks of ransom? What phantoms of the night are here?

Constans: I am Constans of Miletus. Between yourself and me there is a solemn compact. Gaul, you cannot have forgotten.

Hervor: (slowly, absorbed in thought)—Yes, you are Constans. Yes, yes—Constans of Miletus.

Constans: (in sudden alarm)—Your words . . . your actions . . . Where is Siva? Your oath, Gaul, your oath. If you have broken it, if aught of harm has come to her, upon you I invoke no feeble human vengeance, but may the curse of all the mighty gods—

Hervor: Check on your lips the unbridled words. A Gaul breaks not his oath.

Constans: Then Siva?

Hervor: Can answer for herself. Under that roof she dwells, her honor spotless as when the fates consigned her to my care.

Constans: Noble Hervor, pardon my rash words; but could you know the deep, absorbing love a husband feels for her who is the sunlight of his home, you'd wonder not I am so anxious. She is, you say, in yonder house?

Hervor: She has just passed within.

Constans: Then let me go to her at once.

Hervor: Stay!

Constans: What now? Ah, true, I had forgotten the ransom. (Takes a casket from Kainon.) Here it is.

Hervor: Of all your wealth, what portion do you give as fitting ransom for this captive?

Constans: I have sold my house, my lands, all that I have. For her I will gladly give all. Here in this casket are a thousand golden staters.

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Hervor: A thousand golden staters! In itself a goodly sum, but that for which you offer it is of a worth so rare that—

Constans: Then, Gaul, I—

Hervor: Hear me, Greek. You came within the stated time, ere yet the twelfth moon has rounded out its circle. Had the year passed by . . . The woman's face is fair, and I am wifeless . . . I might myself have loved her. That which you would gain and I must lose has value beyond price. You offer all; I can take nothing.

Constans: What subterfuge is this? I come armed only with my right, but strong in that I claim my own.

Hervor: It is the one weapon that avails you here. Your claim is just.

Constans: Take, then, the ransom.

Hervor: To a true man there are things of nobler worth than gold. Were this woman mine, mine in the sight of gods and men, think you there's any sum I'd hold as her equivalent? You, having lost her, would give your all for her return. Our rights conflict. You cannot buy; I cannot sell. The greater right is yours; therefore I give.

Constans: But, Gaul, my pride is equal to your own. It is not meet I thus accept—

Hervor: The fourth part of this sum, which is, you say, your all, our law gives to my people. Pay that, if you will. There, spare your thanks. To-morrow you shall rest here as my guest. Next day I will myself conduct you to our borders. (He throws open the door of the house). Take, then, your wife, she is no more my captive. The door is open. Enter!

(CURTAIN.)

HERVOR, THE GAUL

ACT III.

(A Room in the Gaul's House. Siva arranging her toilet for the night and singing to herself:)

There's a rapture in loving
Suffuses the heart
With a rich glow of pleasure
Naught else can impart.
A rapture in loving,
If your love be true;
A rapture in loving
The one that loves you.
There's a rapture in loving
One would not control,
There's a rapture in loving
Like a sweet strain of music
Entrancing the soul.
A rapture in loving,
If your love be true;
A rapture in loving
The one that loves you.

(While she is singing the last verse, the door of the room slowly opens, and Constans stands watching her. Siva does not see him.)

Constans: (clasping her in his arms)—Then be that rapture mine. Siva, my wife! my love! restored to me at last. (Kissing her.)

Siva: (disengaging herself from his arms)—Constans! you—you here? You—you frightened me!

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Constans: Frightened you, love! I meant this for a joyful surprise. But, dear wife, how pale you are! You must have suffered cruelly in this barbarous land.

Siva: It is not that, but— You're coming was so sudden. Why did you not give some notice?

Constans: My eager love would brook no herald. Forgive me, Siva, if I was too abrupt. I should have remembered that sudden shocks of joy or grief alike are dangerous. But you are faint; some sickness you cannot conceal?

Siva: No, no; your sudden coming startled me. How could I know that it was you? There—see, I am better now.

Constans: Then, sweet wife, let me clasp you to my heart, and hold you there forever. (Takes her again in his arms.)

Siva: (gently freeing herself)—Nay, Constans, that were long for a position so constrained. Every pleasure must have its limit.

Constans: Then let hours, not moments, measure the extent of this, Siva! (He reaches out his arms, but she shakes her head and motions him back.) What! Coy as ever? Well, well, I love you as you are.

Siva: Does—does Hervor know that you are here?

Constans: Hervor himself led me to the threshold, where, saluting me as guest, he bade me enter. But one word, does he, does he know—have you revealed to him (bending slowly to her ear) anything of the past?

Siva: No, no, no.

Constans: The truth, Siva, the truth!

Siva: Shall I proclaim my own disgrace? I tell you Hervor knows nothing, but he doubtless thinks you have brought my ransom?

HERVOR, THE GAUL

Constans: Why, so I have.

Siva: Constans, in Miletus we were not accounted rich. Successful war has poured much treasure into Gaul. I fear you have not brought a sum that Hervor will accept.

Constans: Why, Siva, dismiss that fear. When a man has a wife, beautiful, as you are, as sweet as a flower, as gay and bright as a bird, why—money never fails him.

Siva: Hush—So you accepted money—

Constans: How could I help it? Megacles, Siva, loves you well. If we two, inside these four walls," he said more than once to me, "want to see anything like a pleasing sight, we must ransom Siva." The old fool turned his merchandise into coin and started me from Miletus to redeem you. He placed into my hands two thousand staters, but this Hervor, half savage though he be, bears in his breast a generous soul. Think, of the one thousand staters I tendered him he takes only the fourth.

Siva: (haughtily)—Indeed! It seems he rated my value low.

Constans: (laughs)—Ho, ho. There spake the woman! Ah, Siva, Siva, could vanity go further? My pretty wife would have this wolf-skin wearer prize her charms so high, Megacles' all would scarce suffice to buy them back.

Siva: I would not have him sell me as a common slave.

Constans: A common slave? Oh, no; no fear of that. You wrong him, Siva. You little know the value he sets upon you. He says had I not come within the year, he might

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have loved you and made you his own wife. Think of Megacles' despair, ha! ha! should such a misfortune have happened! You, the wife of a barbarian! Come, thank me with a loving kiss that I have saved you.

Siva: (tearing herself from him) What further did he say?

Constans: He asked what portion of my wealth I tendered for your ransom? I told him I had sold our whole possessions and counted you well worth them all, and then I proffered him a thousand staters.

Siva: Well?

Constans: Had not he in his impatience stopped me, I would have added, "That sum is half my all; the other half is also here, sewed up in the garments of my slaves. If half will not suffice, then take the whole."

Siva: And he?

Constans: Broke in impetuously and said, that which we bargained for had value beyond price. I offered all; he could take nothing!

Siva: (eagerly)—And so he will not give me up?

Constans: In such a case would I be here so blithe and joyous? (Catching her in his arms.) Would you, dear Siva, thus undisturbed be resting in my arms? He bade me tell you that you are no more his captive.

Siva: Ah!

Constans: And of the sum I mentioned, which he supposed my total wealth, bade me pay only the fourth part due by their law unto his people. The barbarian's conduct was considerate.

Siva: You did not tell him of the gold the slaves conceal?

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Constans: He did not give me time.

Siva: (again releasing herself)—Then, Constans, you have lost yourself and me. When Hervor discovers this deceit—

Constans: My slaves are faithful; they will not betray us.

Siva: (excitedly)—Are we to trust our lives to the discretion of a slave? This Gaul, when wronged, is merciless. His eye is keen, his temper passionate; his honor is the god he worships. Should he detect the trick that you have played upon him—

Constans: I meant no trick. I did not look upon it so. But I will go to him to-morrow and make known the truth. To-night, sweet Siva, my thoughts are all of you.

Siva: Talk not, Constans, of to-morrow. The danger lurks to-night. The rustle of a garment, a chance word falling from a sleeper's lips; a servant's thoughtlessness, a slave's revenge for some remembered slight—all these are instant perils. You must speak with Hervor at once.

Constans: Well, I will seek the Gaul. But (sighing) I grudge each moment I am absent from you.

Siva: Go, Constans, go. You must not tarry here a moment more. Go—go. (Exit Constans.) Oh, wretched Siva! within three days of happiness, and now lost—lost! Three brief and fleeting days! Could ye not have joined your fellows in the past, ere this keen scented hound tracked out his victim? (Pacing to and fro.) I cannot and I will not bear it. He said I should be free. And lo! he gives me back, unwarned and unconsulted,

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to this detested bondage. Hervor, Hervor, is your promise made to me less binding than your pledge to Constans? Have I no rights? Because I am a woman shall I be bought and given, yet speak no word myself? I will not go back to Miletus to live with him again. I will not. To be petted, kissed, and live in base subservience to a slave I loathe. Enough of the past—enough—I must escape ere he returns—Out—out into the forest. The hunted hare seeks gladly any covert. I'll find refuge anywhere until this man is gone (wrapping herself in a himation, she hurries to the door, but is met by Constans returning. Siva staggers back.) Ye gloomy deities that spin the thread of fate, have ye no mercy?

Constans: Why, where now, Siva?

Siva: (much agitated)—What did Hervor say?

Constans: I found him not. All, save ourselves, are long ago at rest.

Siva: I will go forth to seek him.

Constans: (stopping her)—Not so; we'll risk to-night. My slaves are sleeping soundly. Indeed, they are so exhausted, that for the last hour of our journey they scarce could drag their wearied limbs along.

Siva: (suddenly changing her manner)—Constans, I think you always meant to treat me kindly. I have a boon to ask you to-night. You will not refuse me?

Constans: Can I refuse you anything?

Siva: Leave me now until to-morrow. I—

Constans: Leave you? What whim has caught your fancy now? We have been parted for a year, the husband from the wife, and in

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the very hour of our reunion you bid me leave you? Did I believe you serious, I should say you are unreasonable.

Siva: Do you not see that I am all unnerved by this day's happenings? I am but a woman, and have not a man's stolid nature to endure, unmoved, the heat, the cold, the sunshine, and the storm.

Constans: So much the greater is your need of man's protection.

Siva: Grant me this favor.

Constans: A year ago I yielded to your pleading, and permitted you to celebrate the rites of Artemis. See what a moment's weakness cost us both. Now you are regained, think you I'd trust you from my sight for a whole night?

Siva: (coldly)—And yet you can refuse me nothing.

Constans: Nothing, save this. We'll speak of it no more. We must not quarrel at this happy time.

Siva: (aside)—How I loathe this man! Can he not read it in my looks? Or is his blindness mere pretence? There is, then, no escape? This hour is his—but with its agony and shame, at least, I'll buy immunity for all the time to come. I see—I see the way. (To Constans.) Forgive me if I seem capricious. I have been sorely tried.

Constans: (gayly)—Now that's the humor that I like to have you in. I do believe I love you better for these changing moods.

Siva: After all, it is most fortunate you did not find the Gaul. To confess were now more dangerous than to conceal. It is to exchange a threatened peril for a certain one.

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Constans: I do not understand.

Siva: I know the Gaul's hot temper, prompting him to deeds his cooler judgment oft regrets. I fear some misapprehension that would destroy, not help us.

Constans: I will speak the simple truth. That cannot be misunderstood.

Siva: Your motive may be, for Hervor scorns deceit. At day-break go to your slaves; win them to caution with hopes of freedom and reward. If they betray us, we are lost.

Constans: There is no fear of that; and yet I'd rather the Gaul knew the truth.

Siva: He must not know. It is too late. Yield in this, Constans, to my better judgment of the man. Promise, for my sake.

Constans: For your sake, dear Siva, I'd promise anything, and seal it so (kissing her); and so. (Exeunt)

(Before the house of Hervor. Night.)

Hervor: (Seated alone and in deep dejection)—Not morning yet—not morning yet! Would it might never dawn, but leave the world henceforth in gloom! There needs no glare of day to show the desperate soul its wretchedness; it feels it in the dark. Out of them all, only one Greek; and he— (Starting up fiercely.) Why comes he not with armies at his back—ay, at the head of the rich Miletus mercenary bands, with all Massalia's legions marshalled to their aid! How we would beat them! How the Celtic darts would leap for Grecian blood! And in that hour of triumph, Siva should see— (Recalling himself.) Siva! Why, I have lost her!

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I have given her up—I have given her up. She told me once I could not do it. She, whom no force could take, no gold could buy, this woman, whose love I'd count worth all the world beside, bartered for one rash oath! Was there no friendly spirit near to palsy my mad tongue ere it could frame the damning words? (Lights down)—See how the clouds are gathering overhead! The wind sweeps by in fitful gusts, and I, who dreamed of peace—I seem to hear again the battle shout and feel the rage for war. It is the edict of the gods. We mortals are not free to choose, but must pursue the narrow path our destiny has marked.

(Enter Siva in night attire, a mantle thrown over her shoulders.)

Siva: Hervor! Hervor!

Hervor: (starting)—You at this hour and alone?

Siva: Yes, I. Hush, Hervor, I must speak with you.

Hervor: Your husband?

Siva: He is asleep. (Drawing him apart.) Come! come further from the house.

Hervor: (his voice trembling)—What is it that you wish? (Follows her.)

Siva: I have that to tell you which you alone must hear. Hervor, you have been kind to Siva. She owes you fealty and truth, not treachery.

Hervor: Treachery!

Siva: Know that my crafty husband has deceived you—made you his dupe. The wily Greek boasts of his cunning, laughing at the Gaul's simplicity.

Hervor: He dares not.

Siva: Trickery is the trader's weapon, as the

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sword's the soldier's. In exchange for me did he not promise all his wealth?

Hervor: Yes, all. He offered all.

Siva: And by his liberal proffer so wrought upon your noble soul that you renounced your claim, and gave me back to his detested arms?

Hervor: Could I gainsay his right?

Siva: That fancied right was based upon a lie. Hush! Bend your ear. The thousand staters were but half; there is another thousand sewn in the garments of his followers. Master, take the gold and me, for both are justly yours.

Hervor: The gold and you! Hear I aright? You, who this night have slept within his arms—

Siva: I have not slept. The fevered brain, the anguished heart, are not the haunts of sleep. Hervor, this slave for his base falsehood merits death. Let not a life whose feeble thread a word, a touch may sever, stand now between us.

Hervor: The gold and you! With words of love still lingering in your ears, with kisses warm upon your lips—

Siva: But, Hervor—

Hervor: The arms that held you scarce unclasped.

Siva: Nay, hear me!

Hervor: (with growing passion)—You steal forth in the silence of the night—

Siva: Hervor, oh, Hervor! hear me!

Hervor: And bid me slay the man whom you have lulled to sleep and dreams of love. (Pushes her from him with violence.)

Siva: Oh, Hervor!

Hervor: You urge me to a deed so foul that—

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Siva: (throwing herself at his feet)—Your scorn will kill me. Have pity, Hervor, pity.

Hervor: (after a few moments)—Come, Siva, (raising her.) Do you not know that what you ask can never be? That you yourself would shudder to clasp a hand crimsoned with innocent blood?

Siva: He is a traitor.

Hervor: Shall the wife's lips condemn her husband?

Siva: Rather say the slave's her tyrant. I never loved this man. Because my face was fair he bought me from my parents as he buys his other merchandise. Content to lavish his own love upon the living statue he'd acquired the right to fondle, to know the thing he clasped was tractable, he never asked, "Has it a heart?" The passion in his soul that he calls love, in mine is hate.

Hervor: Siva!

Siva: Oh, Hervor, had he not come you would have loved me. Then love me still, for I am yours.

Hervor: (without replying to Siva, but as one communing with himself) First gain the wife's love—the holy love that sanctifies the home—then murder the husband to keep the unhallowed gain!

Siva: It is no murder thus to punish fraud. And were it so, "Love to meet love is a divine destroyer."

Hervor: Two things there should be of spotless lustre—man's honor, woman's purity; this one foul deed would blacken both. (Siva attempts to speak, but Hervor checks her, and takes her by the hand.) A few hours

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hence you will be on your way to Miletus. Forget the past—fight not with destiny. No mortal effort, skill, or intellect determines it, but Heaven's superior will.

Siva: It is not I that war with destiny. Our love—dearer to both than life—that, Hervor, is our destiny. We must not war with that.

Hervor: What sacriligious, murderous thoughts arise!

Siva: Yield no more to unmanly vacillation. In my arms you shall find sweet forgetfulness, and conscience, lulled to sleep, knowing the justness of the retribution, will question not the motive. One stroke of your swift sword unites us two for ever . . . for my sake, come. 'Tis love that summons you. (Hervor advances a step, and hesitates. Siva draws his dagger from his sheath.) Come! Come, my love.

Hervor: (drawing back with a shudder)—Your husband is my guest. What you ask, you cannot know—you have not thought (seizes the dagger from her hand, and flings it away.)

Siva: Hervor, I swear to you—

Hervor: No more, no more; he is my guest. Let us forget this horror (turning to go.)

Siva: (clasping his mantle)—Hervor! Hervor!

Hervor: Nay, touch me not, speak not again. Your looks, your words, your touch, are like fire. Gods of the brave, I do believe that this I feel is fear!

(CURTAIN.)

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ACT IV.

(The House of Hervor. Enter Siva, holding tablets.)

Siva: These tablets will show him how to punish deceit, and yet preserve that fragile thing, his honor. Words, mute but full of fire, may ye sink deep into Hervor's heart! (Strikes a gong. Enter a Gaul.) Take these to your master. (Gives him the tablets. The Gaul turns to go.) Stay, give back those tablets; my mind is changed. Say to him that Siva waits to see him (exit Gaul.) . . . This hour must decide. On the one hand, a soulless, shallow husband; on the other, the man I love, a chief of heroes, whose valorous deeds need but a Grecian bard to render them immortal. Come, love and hate, twin passions of my soul, 'tis ye must plead my cause. Let love with sweet persuasive words intoxicate this noble Gaul, and make my thoughts his own; let hate with flaming brands arouse his wrath and stir the thoughts to acts. I am not now a passive girl, the puppet and the plaything of a slave, but a deep hearted woman, with a yearning love I can no more control, and would not if I could. What are their laws, their oaths to me? I did not make them. I will not submit to them. I will not, I will not. I am a woman, and I love. (Enter Hervor.) Ah, Hervor!

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(Rushes towards him, but stops with down-cast eyes.)

Hervor: You sent for me?

Siva: It is the first day since I came to Gaul that Hervor has held himself aloof. Have I offended so deeply that you thus avoid me?

Hervor: Avoid you?

Siva: Were your kind words, your tender care designed but to win my heart, that you might break it?

Hervor: Recall not the past, we must not think of it.

Siva: Neither you nor I can ever now forget it. 'Twas but last night we stood together looking out upon the Rhone. Do you remember your beauteous dream of peace, the happiness that seemed to dawn for both?

Hervor: Oh, this is maddening. Spare yourself—spare me.

Siva: I thought then that you loved me. It seems that I was wrong. Afterwards, half-frenzied with despair, I came to you and opened all my heart—a most unwomanly confession. I cannot go away and have you despise me (burying her face in her hands.)

Hervor: Siva!

Siva: No woman should have spoken the words I said to you, save to the man who loves her.

Hervor: (impetuously)—And you did not, for well you know I love you.

Siva: Ah, you love me! You never told me so. Are you sure, Hervor?

Hervor: Am I sure I live? I am not apt in fitting thoughts to well turned words, but this I know—that if I live, I love.

Siva: O Hervor, speak to me ever like thus. No courtly phrases have power to thrill my

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heart as do your simple and impassioned words.

Hervor: Had the past a voice, it would tell how I struggled to conceal this secret. I, the chief of the proudest nation within the great domains of Gaul; I, who looked with scorn upon a man bound in the meshes of a woman's love; I who believed myself proof against this passion, the most painful and oppressive of the human heart—

Siva: Painful and oppressive?

Hervor: I, who scorned the lover for a weakling, find myself, at length, also enslaved. From the hour when first your voice pleaded, to me for protection, I have carried everywhere the shaft that pierced my heart. In vain have I fought against you, against myself. Present or absent I always had you near. In the depth of the forest your image was at my side. The light of day revealed it, the darkness did not hide it.

Siva: Now I no longer blush for my avowal. Tell me again, my Hervor, that you love me.

Hervor: Siva, I love you.

Siva: (throwing herself into his arms)—Then win me. You are to me the world's one man, and I, for good or ill, to you the world's one woman. Hervor, Constans must die—

Hervor: (starting back appalled)—Ah, I had forgotten my guest . . . your husband.

Siva: He cannot part us now.

Hervor: Your duty is to him, not me.

Siva: My duty bids me seek the happiness of him I love.

Hervor: Your husband—

Siva: The vilest slavery is a hated wedlock.

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Hervor: He is your husband and he loves you.

Siva: So much the worse. Love is no deity, except when twin born, sprung from two hearts, yearning unto each until they meet, though Hades yawns between them. As yours and mine, Hervor (she steals up to him, and twines her arms about his neck) . . . as yours and mine. (Hervor seems to waver. He permits her embrace, but does not return it.) Smile on me, Hervor. Promise that you will clear away this shadow from our happiness.

Hervor: Siva! Siva! Ask me not.

Siva: Say but "Yes," and it is done.

Hervor: Urge me not to this deed. Would you have me break the sacred laws of hospitality? (Tears himself in affright from her embrace.) Crimson my honor with the murder of my guest? Ah—

Siva: Nay, I would have you keep your honor pure as yon glittering crown of snow upon the summit of Jura. Henceforth that honor is my boast and pride as well as yours. I could not love you were it stained.

Hervor: Then what of him?

Siva: Listen, Hervor. Let the guest be sacred in your realm. But at the border the guest returns to debtor; is it is not so, to debtor?

Hervor: Yes, to debtor.

Siva: Then if the debtor by a lie repay the generous creditor's large souled concession—what stings to wrath the generous like deceit? Conduct us to the frontier; there give orders to search the garments of the Grecian slaves. His fraud exposed becomes your clear acquittal with gods and men for the act which sets me free.

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Hervor: The blood that's shed by justice leaves no stain. If the proof confirm the accusation—

Siva: If it confirm! I tell you he has confessed, and calls his guilt his shrewdness. Still, if you doubt my words, you need but search his slaves; the proof is there.

Hervor: Unless in his defence he can assign some proper motive—

Siva: Motive! The assassin caught with dripping dagger in his hand—do men ask him for motive? Oh, Hervor, in your zeal to render justice unto foes, be not unjust to friends. Wait not for crafty words to dull the edge of your just wrath. Unmask the crime, and strike!

Hervor: Why should I hesitate to punish fraud? And yet—(He paces restlessly up and down.)

Siva: (laying her hand upon his arm)—Do you still falter? Come, resolve! Justice, your honor, and my love demand it.

Hervor: What evil spirit lured him here?

Siva: Fear no remorse. Love will soon teach you to forget all else save its own sweetness. Give me your promise, Hervor.

Hervor: What would you have?

Siva: For you, for me, life, love, and happiness; for him, the long sleep of oblivion. Promise!

Hervor: (much agitated)—I—I—I cannot promise. Do not ask me why. My will, I think, is palsied.

Siva: (with an injured air)—Can you refuse me, Hervor?

Hervor: I do not refuse, but I must think of this to-night, alone, when the world is wrapped in darkness, and only the stars keep watch.

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Then I will try to follow out your words, and if the way be clear—

Siva: (interrupting)—It will be clear. See, I have written all upon the tablets, lest I had failed to see you. Take these, and with their aid dispel all doubts. (Gives him the tablets.) Conceal them quick; here Constans comes. (Enter Constans.)

Constans: (gayly)—Ah, what are you two plotting now?

Siva: We were arranging for the homeward journey.

Constans: Homeward journey? good! How you must long once more to see Miletus! Is it arranged to start early to-morrow?

Hervor: Yes, an hour after sunrise.

Siva: Hervor, himself, will conduct us to the border. Is he not kind to do us thus much honor?

Constans: Ay, kind indeed. Do you know, Siva, the pleasure of reunion is so great I could almost thank him for the separation? But come with me, Siva, I have something to say to you.

Siva: What now, Constans?

Constans: Oh, I intend to tell you how much I love you.

Siva: That is an old and threadbare story.

Constans: To me, while telling, it seems ever new.

Siva: (aside)—How my heart revolts even to hear him talk!

Constans: (To Hervor)—One who does not understand this wilful, pretty wife of mine might actually think, to listen to her talk, she does not love her husband. (Exeunt Constans and Siva.)

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Hervor: This sultry, heavy air is choking me. This glaring sunlight burns into my eyes like fire. I will to the forest. Ho, there! Ho, there! I say. (Enter Gaul.) My hunting spear and shield.

Gaul: (bringing them)—Will you go forth to hunt, O Chief? The day is almost sped. It lacks but an hour of sunset.

Hervor: And were it midnight, should I ask your leave? Out of my sight, lest I lay hands on you, and teach you more discretion. (Exit Gaul.) All else save this is worthless, and this, which most I want, I cannot have. Yet if I so will, what then prevents? Her love overleaps all obstacles. Shall mine do less?
(Re-enter Constans.)

Constans: Armed for the chase! Then have I come in time.

Hervor: (roughly)—No; out of time; some days too soon or many months too late. Have I not done enough? What more is it you ask, what more?

Constans: I do not understand this. What troubles threaten now?

Hervor: Troubles? They spring up thick on every side; they choke the sweets of life; they gnaw the very heart of happiness. Our days are full of them.

Constans: They are the parasites that feed upon a sickly fancy, that often sees them where they are not. For my part, I joy to think that far above the clouds the sun is always shining, and that sometimes, somewhere, his beams will find a rift, through which to gladden the world again.

Hervor: It was not thus you felt a year ago.

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Constans: (laughing)—Why, no; just, then, the gloomy folds were drawn so thick, I lost my faith even in the sun. But grant me now a moment, that I may tell what in common honesty you ought to know.

Hervor: Be brief. I am not in the mood for talk.

Constans: Last night we spoke of ransom. In my hand I held a casket with a thousand staters.

Hervor: Which was the total sum of your wealth?

Constans: It was not all; it was but half. I said to ransom Siva I would gladly give all. Had the first thousand not sufficed, I would have counted forth the second. You gave no time for this, but freed her without price, save that I pay the tax due by custom to your people. That fourth part will be five hundred staters.

Hervor: Ah! your wife has sent you here to tell me this.

Constans: Not so, but I have had the most liberal treatment at your hands, and will not pay it back even with an unintended deceit.

Hervor: Your wife, I say, has sent you here to tell me this.

Constans: No, no. She has a woman's heart, distrustful, timid. She feared, if you should learn the facts, you would be angered, and condemn us both; and so she begged me, if only for her sake, to keep the thing a secret. Yet have I spoken, for I know it is not truth, but falsehood that offends a noble soul.

Hervor: She should have judged me better. Go; say to her, I know the truth.

Constans: Not I. My worthy Gaul, you do not understand our Grecian women. Be assured, I do. For the man they love they'll

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suffer, work, bear injustice, murmur not at tyranny. But let the presumptuous wretch attempt to cross them in some petted whim, his ease in life is gone. Tell Siva I have not heeded her commands? I'm not so rash.

Hervor: Well, have you more to say?

Constans: Only that—in fact, I see you are impatient to be off. Good luck attend your hunt. (Exit.)

Hervor: (dashing his shield to the ground)—If evil were a form so beautiful, then be the world all evil. (Paces restlessly back and forth.) . . . O love, honor, country! Could ye three live united in my heart, the world should be your marriage guerdon. But if this strife shall longer rage among you, ye will not leave my nerveless arm an infant's strength. I'll go; the forest air at least will cool these throbbing temples. There is no rest for me to-night; I fear there is no peace for evermore. Help me, my country's gods! Show me the right—the right!

(CURTAIN.)

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

(Night. The Sacred Grove of the Druids.)

1st Druid: A thousand years their course have run.

2nd Druid: Close was the cycle by the setting sun.

1st Druid: It is th' appointed night when nature is revealed.

2nd Druid: And unsuspected knowledge gained from forest and from field.

3d Druid: When searching thought can penetrate to depths before concealed.

1st Druid: Until the dawn dissolves the dark, for light the stars I'll scan.

2d Druid: From prouling beasts and wind-tossed boughs I'll glean what lore I can.

3d Druid: I'll strive to read the mystery we call the soul of man.

2d Druid: Hist! Steps!

3d Druid: Some brother Druid seeks our grove.

2d Druid: No Druid moves with such impetuous strides.

3d Druid: Who else would dare intrude?

(Enter Hervor.)

1st Druid: What rash and impious mortal enters here?

Hervor: Hervor, the Gaul, demanding—

1st Druid: Why in this hour of night has Hervor ventured within the forbidden grove? Is not the day assigned for consultation? This night

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our order holds communion with the invisible, with the subtle powers that pervade all things that are.

Hervor: I know, and yet I come. Before the dawn my mind must be resolved.

2d Druid: After sunset we welcome in this sacred place no one save our order.

Hervor: I ask not welcome, but advice.

1st Druid: Then, without welcome, speak.

Hervor: Tell me, Druids, if in your wisdom ye have found a way to know the wrong when it wears the fair mask of right?

1st Druid: Reason may be misled; passion may blind the heart; the eye of conscience never sleeps.

Hervor: And if this sleepless conscience see beneath the mask, and yet the evil has a form so winning, one clasps it to him and makes it part of all his life, what after reparation can he offer to the offended conscience? What expiation to the gods?

2d Druid: There is no reparation. With open eyes he has embraced the sin. In life, in death, he is accursed. He and all who share his guilt.

Hervor: Your words are merciless. When in the man the royal reason sits captive on its throne, when all the fierce, tumultuous passions of the soul proclaim as queen the fascinating sin, when conscience sees the base revolt, but has no power to check it, then what aid is there? What aid? Druid, I come for help. I would do right. Tell me my last resort.

3d Druid: (solemnly, upraising his hand)—Re-

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nounce, if you have strength, the conquering sin; if not, sacrifice your conquered self.
(Hervor staggers back speechless.)

1st Druid: Bear well in mind, O chief, that the Arverni look to Hervor for brave deeds and a pure life. As you have lived, live still, for honor and for Gaul.

Hervor: What though—a woman——

2d Druid: Woman! The abomination of the wise! 'Tis woman saps the strong arm of its strength. 'Tis woman lures the weakling on to crime. 'Tis woman thwarts the soul's great purposes.

3d Druid: We know what turbulent passions rage within you. From things that fly and those that creep, from gusty rage of hurricanes and ocean's fiercest storms, we might protect. But who can curb the daring soul of woman, hardened in conscience by a love that ventures all?

1st Druid: Beware unlovely love, when lording in a woman's heart, it scorns the ties of man, the laws of heaven!

2d Druid: Beware!

3d Druid: Beware!

1st Druid: Beware unlovely love! (A flash of lightning illumines the scene.) Away! The angered elements resent your presence.

Hervor: (staggering across the stage, while the Druids are seen withdrawing through the windings of the forest)—“Renounce, if you have strength, the conquering sin, if not, sacrifice your conquered self!” (The voices of the Druids are heard in the distance, cry-

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ing "Beware!") I shall beware, ye all wise Druids, of this unlovely love. No heaven-detested guilt shall stain my soul. Reason unclouded and stripped of its besetting doubts once more points out the way.

SCENE 2.

A glade in the forest.

(Enter Kainon and Cleomene.)

Kainon: (shouting)—Ho, guide! Rest here a while. We have outstripped our fellow travellers.

Cleomene: How wild that man looks! I can not suffer to look at any of them, since poor Euopia drank the hemlock! Poor, poor Euopia! When she found that her husband no longer lived, she pined for the realm of Pluto and Persephone. O, Kainon, I shall be glad when I am out of this detested land and once again with my own Critobulos.

Kainon: And so shall I, my dear (thrusts at Cleomene with his finger.)

Cleomene: (haughtily)—What means this?

Kainon: Don't you know?

Cleomene: Know? Know what? (Kainon thrusts again.) Sir, I do not permit such conduct. I agreed to be a mother to you.

Kainon: Mother! Oh, that's played out. The Gaul who held you prisoner gave up his rights to me.

Cleomene: Wait till we reach Miletus, and my husband will pay——

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Kainon: Pay! There is nothing to pay. You know well that your owner bartered you off for my old Grecian armor. Now you are my slave, and I intend to keep you.

Cleomene: Talk thus to me one minute more, and I shall tear you in pieces.

Kainon: (starting back)—The woman means it...

Cleomene: Mean it! I will do it. Oh, I'm not afraid of Grecian masters. I know how to manage them.

Kainon: By Zeus, woman, I shall find the Gaul and take back my arms. He can keep his slave. (Starts to run.)

Cleomene: Not so, not so. You stay by me.

Kainon: But I won't!

Cleomene: You shall I say (shakes him).

Kainon: It seems that I am the slave.

Cleomene: So you are until we reach Miletus.

Kainon: And then?

Cleomene: You shall aid me in taking vengeance on that rascally husband of mine.

Kainon: But your husband already married a second time.

Cleomene: Our laws forbid a second marriage while the first wife lives.

Kainon: But he may have bought a divorce from some honest Grecian judge.

Cleomene: You fool! Do you not know our laws grant no divorce?

Kainon: Pshaw! I have known plenty of Greeks who married a second time.

Cleomene: And had wives?

Kainon: Yes. There was Phocias in Miletus, and

Cleomene: Why, you idiot, have I not just said that once a wife, a wife forever; and, if a

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husband wishes to divorce her and marry another woman, he must first find a husband for his own wife. There is no escape from this.

Kainon: I agree with you. There is no escape for Critobulus. He can not possibly find a husband for you—

Cleomene: Curb your insolent tongue. You shall stay by me, and protect me against everything and everybody. See you to this. Cleomene looks to Kainon for protection.

Kainon: This is a nice fix. But here they are coming. (Starts to run.)

Cleomene: Stay here! (Runs after him.) Kainon, I say! (Exeunt.)

SCENE 3.

(The frontier of Gaul. On one side an altar of stone. Hervor and Druid.)

Druid: This is the border. Yonder is the stream that belts our land.

Hervor: Yon petty stream belt Gaul! When her fierce heart throbs no girdle binds it, nor hill nor stream, no, not Massalia's walls of stone or lines of Grecian lances. But where is this Greek? Why loiters he so long?

Druid: See, they come.

(Enter Siva, Constans, Kainon, Cleomene, Slaves and Guard of Gauls.)

Siva: (to Constans)—Indeed, I must thank the Gaul apart. I owe him this courtesy for his great kindness. You yourself can afterwards publicly express our gratitude.

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Constans: Well, as you please. But let us finish quickly and journey on, rejoicing that our footsteps, homeward bound, fall once more on Grecian soil.

Siva: (approaching Hervor)—Now, Hervor, nerve your hand and soul, for the time has come when you and I—

Hervor: Must part. 'Tis better so. Seek not to bring upon yourself the anger of the offended gods.

Siva: Rather do you seek not to bring on me a life-long misery by your nerveless vacillation.

Hervor: It is because I would spare you such misery, that I bid you banish these unhallowed thoughts.

Siva: My only thoughts are of Hervor and his glory. Call you these unhallowed?

Hervor: If you hold in such dear regard Hervor and his glory, you will not bid him stain his soul with crime.

Siva: And if you care for Siva, as you say, you will not condemn her to anguish and despair.

Hervor: See you not, Siva, it is my love that battles with my love, the purer passion with the grosser? I cannot bear to have your beauty marred even by one unholy wish. I cannot bear to think you one forsworn.

Siva: Then happiness be mine, for if you cannot bear to think me one forsworn, how can you send me from you? For I am yours, not his.

Hervor: (much troubled)—You know not what you ask—not what you ask.

Siva: If your heart fails my own at least is firm, this weak hand, strong enough to strike a sleeper; this slight foot, swift enough to fly the dead; spare him to-day—dismiss me,

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with the morrow, I shall regain your side, and whisper "freed;" would you have the courage to refuse me shelter?

Constans: (interrupting)—Come, Siva, it is my turn now, Chieftain, to my wife's thanks, I add my own. She cannot have expressed too much our common gratitude. When hereafter we recall these things, the name of Hervor, shall ever be spoken with reverence and honor.

Hervor: I have but kept my pledge. Greek, when at the boundary of his land, the Gaul parts from the guest, or settles with the debtor, his law, enjoins a sacrifice to gods who make him safe through strength, and strong through honor. Thus guest or debtor goes his homeward way by holy rites secure from deadly ambush, granting that guest or debtor forfeit not by his own sin our fatherland's protection. For times have been when in the guest himself the gods who guard our borders chose the victim. My grandsire here slew one, a smooth tongued Greek, false to his host, the accusing voice was woman's, but this need fright not men revering truth. Now, while your slaves complete your share of barter, let your fair wife, restored to gods of Greece, pay her last homage to the gods of Gaul.

Constans: I—

Hervor: Hush, hush, Greek.

Hervor: (to Siva)—Does not your heart relent?

Siva: Why should it relent? What pity has the world shown to me? Oh, Hervor, Hercor, judge me not from your standpoint of honor, judge me not as you would a woman of your

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own nation, but judge me for what I am, a woman of Miletus. Oh, help me, Master, lift me to your bosom; I am like a stricken wretch, whose quivering frame caught by some deadly plague writhes in the dust!

Constans: Siva, have pity, pity!

Siva: What pity have you shown, slave? The veil which blinded me is rent! I am like the one whose cry upon her god is not heard, or is not heeded! Yet there must be aid, there must be aid!

Hervor! It is too late now to recall past wrongs—
The new life reaps what the old has sown.

Siva: (stabbing herself)—Then gods this offering to love!

Constans: (leaping forward)—Siva!

Hervor: Stand back, Greek. Poor bleeding form, was then your love so great a sin? If so, it was so entwined around my heart that this same blow has pierced us both. (He stabs himself and dies.) It was a costly sacrifice, a costly sacrifice for honor and for love!

(CURTAIN.)

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